#### THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED WREELY, BY T. W. PEGUES.

ASKETCH OF LOUIS NAPOLEON The news of the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the French Republic will naturally excite some curiosity in regard o his history and public character. Hitherto he has only been known through the foolish affairs at Strasburg and Boulogne; his published works, notwithstanding the merits claimed for them by his adherents, having failed to enlarge his reputation. His life has nevertheless, been somewhat eventful, and he does not lack the advantage of varied fortune and severe experience. Whether he has profited remains to be seen. From such hasty materials as we could procure, we have arranged for the Tribune the fol-

lowing brief notice of his history: Charles Louis Napoleon, son of Louis, Ex-King of Holland, was born in Paris on the 20th April, 1808. His god-parents were the Emperor and Maria Louisa, and during his childhood he was an especial favorite of the former. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, he stood beside him on the Champ de Mars, and when embraced by him for the last time, at Malmaison, the young Louis, then a boy of seven years, wished to follow him at all hazards. When the family was banished from France, his mother removed to Augsburg, where he received a good German education. He was afterwards taken to Switzerland, where he obtained the right of citizenship and commenced a course of military studies. After the July Revolution, by which he was a second time proscribed from France, he visited Italy, in company with his brother, and in 1831 took part in a popular insurrection but he succeeded in making his escape, and his brother dying at Forth the same year, he visited England, and afterwards returned to Switzerland, where for two or three years he contented himself with writing p ctical and military works, which do not appear to have been extensively read. The death of the Dake of Reichstadt in 1832, gave a new impulse to his ambatious hopes. His first revolutionary attempt at Strasburg, in October, 1836 completely failed, but after a short imprisonment in Paris, he was sent to his country. The illness of his mother occasioned his return the following year, and after a visit to Switzerland he took up his residence in England until his second attempt at B-ulogne, in 1840.

In this affair several of his followers were killed, and he was himself taken and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Ham. The particulars of his escape in May. 1846, after an incarceration of six years, are of September last, when he was returned as a gratuitous observation to me, just excuse or profession; the American suddenly strikes a Deputy to the National Assembly from the Department of Seine, he has resided in England, A late London Journal, in de. scribing his mode of life, gives the following not very flattering account:

gations which were wholly beyond the means of repayment; and his most serious pursuit was the study of alchemy, by which he expected to arrive at the discovery of the philosopher's stone. So vigorously did he rosecute this science, at a house which he had fitted up as a laboratory at Cambewell, and so firm was his faith in the charlatan empiric whom he employed to aid him in transmuting the baser metals into gold, that he is said to have actually appropriated his revenue in anticipation, and to have devoted the first milliard of his gains to the payment of the national debt of France, in order to acquire thus an imperial throne by pur-

The large majority by which he was elected a Representative astonished every one, and gave his followers the first encour. agement to bring forth his name as a candidate for the Presidency. To defeat the acknowledged Republican party, he received also the support of the Legitimists and Orleanists, and those combined influences have elected him by an immense majority. The rest must be left to Time and Fate. N. Y. Tribune.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD. - And no one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. Even the father cannot realize it thus .-There is a vacancy in his home and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of asso ciation that at set times comes round with its broken links; their memories of endearment, of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. But a mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to the heart. Hers has been the office of constand ministration. Every gradation of feature has developed before her eyes. She has detected every new gleam of intelligence. She has heard the first utterance of every new word. She has been the refuge of its fears; the supply of its wants. And every task of affection has woven a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when he dies a portion of her own life, as it were, die. How can she give it up with all these memories, these associations? These timid hands have so often taken hers in trust and love, how can she fold them on her breast, and give them up to the cold clasp of death? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly. how can she see them staightened to go down into the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and her bosom, that she has watched in burning sickness and peaceful slumber, a hair of which she would not see harmed. Oh! how can she consign it to the slumber of the grave? The form that not for one night has been beyond her vision or her knowledge, how can she put it that draw his thoughts and employ them; she sits in loneliness, and all these memories, all tall, haggard looking, has a very stooping these suggestions, crowd upon her. How gait and a hang-dog expression of counte- down as being equal to £43,000,000.

can she bear all this? She could not, were nance, as if he expected every honest man it not that her faith is as her affection; and if to kick him several times. He is the lure the one is more deep and tender than in who eggs on the victim, sometimes sitting man, the other is more simple and spontane- aloof, and sometimes taking a hand to comous and takes confidently hold of the hand plete the "polker" party Ile acts as the

unprepossessing appearance whom he had ured by a scar. His dress was half civil and took up his ice and newspaper and retreated frustrating the intended sociability of the er card." stranger. . After the elapse of about an hour, the rain being over, he quitted the cafe; when the individual in question rose, followed him into the street, and stepping abruptly forward thus a ldressed him:- "Monsieur permettez que je vous dise, que votre figure me deplatt souverainenent." "Sir, permit me to observe-" (the remainder of this phrase ter the reception of this letter, the family which literally ran "your personal appearance is supremely displeasing to me, can only be conveyed to the intelligence of the pened to ascertain the cause, in rushed the few who do not understand French by the faithful dog. After being caressed and evvernacular in which it would be rendered) "that the cut of your jib is not to my liking." "Monsicur," replied the writer, "jen suis shaw!! He then placed himself before her, ning to hesitate, "he may be the devil and all desole. I am shocked to hear it." "What," fixing his gaze intently seized her dress and on a race for what I know." said the stranger, whose hand was already in his pocket, "Is that all you have to answer me?" "That is all." "But, sir, I mean to itsult you; here is my card." "I do not want your card.' "But have you no senti-ment d'homeur? Won't you fight?"—"No, him dangerously ill in Burlington. He is Sir, I never fight strangers; if you annoy yet indisposed. The distance travelled by me any further I shall simply knock you down." "Your answer is brutal, but I be- countered, render this account almost inlieve you are the strongor man. The fact credible, especially as the boats cannot stop is, I am weary of life, and I would as soon at West Point on account of the ice. Any have perished in a duel as through suicide. one can easily satisfy further curiosity in re-Good day, Sir, I find I was mistaken in you lation to this remarkable case of animal reano matter a leap into the river is, after all, soning by visiting Burlington, where the owner of the red cap walked away.

T e circumstance and the manner of man so far however roused the curiosity of the writer, that he was induced to call him back. Stay, my friend, you see I won't, fight and I won't be insulted; but as you addressed looked askance at me, when I took shelter, the age fortified manufacturies of England. money. because I did not order anything. I hated know me and would fight me-to kill or killed, what matter?-Because I have several lives, and a have a right to ta

I have been an officer-a man of honor -I have served my country,-now do you understand?" and throwing open his coat he showed that he was without shirt or waistcoat, and bursting into tears was about to walk away. On subsequent inquiry, his story proved to be strictly true.

Analogies and Contrasts.

# A QUARTETTE OF RASCALS.

Reader, have you ever in your acquam. tance with the viler specimens of human nature, seen a "leg?" Or if you are an unsophisticated country nan, and do not readily apprehended the meaning of the termhave you ever seen a professed gambler of the lowest cla s?---one of those gents who will pick the pocket of an inoffensive victim of its very last coin, by a coup de main, though not the legitimate way of inserting his digets directly into the receptable of the current, and dexterous'y abstracting the same?' If not, and you are curious to know how these victimizers appear and deport themselves in public, we commend to your attention the following faithful daguerrotype by the Picayane, The editor recently descended the Ohio in one of the steamers, and is giving a picture of four of these precious villains who feel under his notice on board. All our large cities abound with the knaves; but it is on the steamboats that navigate our Western waters, that they do most congregate-there they literally "reek and riot:

"The one is a thick set individual of medium height, with a turnip nose, heavy eyebrows, sandy hair, sharp black eyes, and slightly stooping shoulders: he is dressed in black coat and pants, gay plaid vest, a neck cloth of a flashy pattern, passed once round a dirty throat, separated therefrom by an equally dirty shirt collar; a breastpin of portentous dimensions, with a number of sup ports in the way of small chains and a heavy watch guard, completes number one. Number two is pretty much of the same description, save that he has bushy black whiskers, wears several rings upon the third finger of his left hand and a broad brimmed white hat upon his head-the brim cocked very much over his left leve; he is fidgetty. and apparently quick and irascible, but in reality as cool as a cucumber, and as much "up to snuff" as a tobacconist. The third of this beautiful quartette of nice young men is young neatly and plainly dressed in black, has a very new hat and unexceptionable boots; his countenance is pale, and under each eye is a black circle, which tells a ta'c away for the long night of the sepulchre, to each eye is a black circle, which tells a ta'e see it no more? Man has cares and toils of many a night's bout over the gaming table. The fourth of this set of brilliants is

budly, too, and carries a very stout walking stick. Such a party was recently congre-SINGULAR INCIDENT TO AN ENGLISH gated on board a down stream steamer, and TRAVELLER IN FRANCE.—One summer eve- succeeded in obtaining a victim for a hand ning, the writer-hot, weary, and uncom- at "poker. He was a young man, with honmunicatively disposed-entering a crowded esty in his very look, and apparently a hardcafe in the south of France to find shelter working mechanic. He was permitted to from the rain. An individual of peculiarly win several dollars at first, until it was ascertained that he had about two hundred already noticed, seated himself at the same dollars, the savings of two years hard labor. table with the obvious intention of entering when, having "sized the pile," they went at into conversation. He was a man of some him, and giving him very strong hands, but five and twenty years of age, with a coun- keeping yet stronger themselves. At length tenance sallowed by dissipation, rendered the victim was given a hand that he was to hitch about uneasily. He put his hand sinister by expression of the eye and disfig- being plucked as rapidly as possible. Of course he was beaten, and got up without a half military, consisted of a black frock coat dollar in the world. The other "gentlemen" buttoned up to his chin, of a red foraging declined playing any more, and got up very cap, a red or red-seamed trousers. Judging happy at their remarkable success. The him to be a police spy from the manner in victim had the pleasant prospect of a jourwhich he seemed to be avoided, the writer ney to St. Lous before him. and landing among strangers sans everything. He howto a small triangular table in the corner ever, learned a lesson, though a dear one, which only admitted of one occupant, thus and made a resolution never to touch anoth-

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF A DOG .- An officer of the army, accompanied by his dog, left West Point on a visit to the city of Burlington, N. J. and while there becoming sick, wrote to his wife and family at West Point in relation to his indisposition. Shortly afwas aroused by a whining, barking and scratching at the door of the house, and oery attempt made to quiet him, the dog in despair at not being understood seized a began to drag her to the door. The lady then became alarmed and sent for a relative who endeavored to allay her fears, but she prevailed upon him to accompany her at the faithful animal, and the difficulties en-

## AMERICAN GENIUS.

The great peculiarity of the American character is, that its genius is inventive, and always adequate to emergencies. Where others halt in the beaten pathway of pursuit my asking you whether you think that the out a new goal, and drives on to faine and fact of your being weary of your own life fortune. Who would have 'hought of carjust fies you in jeopard sing the life of a rying clocks and ready-made shirts to China stranger?"-Perhaps not, but it is very well for a market, or bringing Connecticut, with

those who did. I hate the world, and I am amount of means and chances, will or can weary of it. I thought that you did not perform as much for himself and the world, as an American. Not to individualize, but take him in the national aggregate: Quick, fertile, and ever ready, he needs but a suggestion; the details which others must investigate before they dare to make the experiment, he lets follow and illustrate the experiment, as the sparks of fire flow in the trail of the locomotive at night.

> Who ever heard of an American being confounded by the intricacy or magnitude of the enterprize? In the arts of peace and war alike the same prodigal flow of invention, the same sagacity, prudence and 'dar. ing, blended in a sort of humanic-heroic fresco, mark the acts and aptitudes of the Ameri. can. His instincts are fresh where other men weary; and tracing his developments industrial, inventive, and philosophic, as dis played in the short life of the republic, it must be admitted he transends all other specimens of the genus homo. It is the result of many causes .- His position, physical, mental, moral and social, is favorable to activity and decision of character; and his political equality of self-satisfying conviction that he is equal to the best of men on earth, as a man, gives him independence in action that and other men.

Talk of confounding an American with a difficulty or danger in enterprize, by sea or land-in art, science, mathematical problem, or metaphysical disquisition, or even a bundle of the first crop of hieroglyphics-the idea would be ridiculous! He may never have seen a map of the world, nor read a geography, but he will find, with a Nanaucket schooner, any port on the globe, by a shorter cut than is laid down in the charts: and if he finds himself in the West Indies with a cargo of bed-warming pans, he will have the wit to strip off the covers, and sell them for sugar ladles, at an advance of expected profit.

The tactics of the American are not laid down in books. In peace or war, his ingenuity frames the plan of operation on the instant, from the nature of the circumstances. and if he is defeated it must be by sheer force. To him the pillar of Hercules would have been less than to the Macedonian; he would have guessed instanter the riddle of Sphynx, and untied between his teeth and finger a double Gordian knot. A writer in Blackwood has well said, that if a sufficient prize were offered for the best treatise upon any subjec in any language, the American would get it, even if he nad to learn the language, study the subject, and write the work within three months. This universal energy, endurance invention, and power to adapt himself to any and every end, give the American his wide-world prestige of superiority as a man .-- N. Y. Sun.

The loss of the Potato crop in Ireland, is set

RUNNING DOWN THE BOASTER. A country fellow who was once boasting about the swiftness of his horse, declared that he could outrun any thing which went upon four legs. A neighbor of his disputed it, and said he had a mule which could beat

"A mule?" said the boaster, "I'll bet you a hundred dollars of that."

"Done!" said the other. "Done" said the boaster.

"Now cover that," said the owner of the

mule laying down a hundred dollars. The boaster began to he frightened at this He thought there must be something more about the mule than he was aware of, otherwise his owner would'nt plank a hundred dollars, to run him against a horse. He began into his pocket; he pulled it out again, and at last he said-"I don't know, I swow, about the tarnal mule he may be the devil and all to run, for what I know."

"Do you back out then?" "Yes I back out and treat." So saying he called in the liquor; but declared that his horse could beat anything which went on four legs except the mule.

"Why," and said the other, "i've got a jackass that can beat him."

I'll bet a hundred dollars of that," said the boaster.

"Done!" said the other. And "Done!" said the boaster.

"Cover that," said the man, again putting

"Cover that!" exclaimed the boaster, "so I will plaugy quick, taking out his pocket

book. "Well; cover it if you dare and I'll put another hundred atop of it. Why do you

hesitate? Down with your dust I say." "I don't know faith! I never saw that jackass of yours run," said the boaster, begin

"Do you flunk out then?" "Yes, I flummux this time: but, by jingo,

there's nothing else you can bring except the jackass and the mule, but what my horse can beat."

"Are you certain of that, my good fellow?"

"I think so, faith!"

"Why, if you are not quite certain, I'll bet you something that I've got a nigger that will outrun him."

"A nigger!" "Yes, my nigger Tom will beat him." "I'll bet a hundred dollars of that-there ain't no nigger that ever breathed that can beat my horse."

"Very well, cover that." As he said this the man put down the hundred dollars, "but," said he, "if you back out this time, you shall forfeit ten dollars; and if I back out, I'll do

the same." "Agreed," said the boaster, "I'm sure my horse can beat a nigger, if he can't a mule or n jackass."

"Well, plank it! so I will--don't you fear that."-- Saying this, he once more took out for you to talk in cold blood. The waiter its sharp-faced soil, into competition with his pocket book and began to fumble for the

> "Come, man down with your dust,' said the other taking out more money,--"for I am ready to back my bet with another hundred dollars--or two hundred if you like. Come, why, do you hesitate? Here's three hundred dollars I've ready for a stake."

"Three hundred dollars?" exclaimed the boaster, staring like a stuck pig; "three hundred dollars upon a nigger! I don't know,

"What, man! you are not frightened a-

"Frightened! Oh, no---oh, no---it's no casy matter to frighten me; but really--" "You mean to back out?"

"I declare, neighbor, I don't know what to think about it. It's kind of risky busi-

"You forfeit the ten dollars,' then?"

"Why, yes, I 'spose I must, said the boaster handing over the money, with an air of great mortification -- "better lose this than more---for there's no knowing how fast these blamed niggers will run. But any thing else except the mule, the jackass, and the nigger, I'm ready to run against.'

Joe's FAILING DISCOVERED .- Our friend Joe is what is generally termed a bad boy, and succeeded in blinding his mother for some time, is everywhere a dividing-line between him as to his imbibling propensities, and one morning she said to him, after he had swallowed some half dozen cups of coffee, and as many glasses of cold water, "Joseph, thee should drink something before thee goes to bed at night. Thee is always so thirsty in the morn-But one night, Joe came in before the old lady retired. He sat down and with that look of semi-intoxicated wisdom, began convorsing about the goodness of the crops, the late unfortunate outbreak in the meeting, and was getting on very well until he espied what he supposed to be a segar on the mantle-piece, he caught it, and placing one end in his mouth began very gravely to light it at the candle. He drew and puffed until he was getting red in the face. The old lady's eyes were at last opened, and she addressed him-"Joseph, if thee takes that tenpenny nail for a segar, it is time thee went to bed."

> AWFUL DEATH .- On Saturday last, at the machine shop of Messrs Aldrich, Tyng & Co, in this city, Mr. Joseph White, an engineer, went to blow off the boiler in doing which he stood in such a position that when he let off the steam it struck him in the breast by which he was knocked down and instantly enveloped in steam and boiling water. He arose and walk. ed a few steps, then fell upon the floor and exclaimed, "I am scalded to death." He lingered in great agony from 6 P. M. to 3 A. M., when he expired. As his clothes was removed his entire skin, from the crown of his head to his for came off with them; even his finger nails came off. Mr. White was a man 52 years old and in easy circumstances. He leaves a wife and two children.

Lowell Courier.

Fanny Kemble Butler, has gone to Stockbridge, New York, to reside in the family of Charles Sedgwick, her relative.

From the London Chronicle. It is fashionable to speak disparagingly of Willis as niere literary dandy, and he deserves some drubbing for his pestilent propensity to trifle; but it is ridiculous to deny him high poetic merits. If the following stanzas fall anything short of true poetry, we do not our. selves know what is. They were sung at the dedica. tion of the House of Industry and Home of the friend-

less in New York, on the 19th inst. When God, to shield from cold and storm, Gave trees to build and fires to warm, He did not mark for each his part, But gave to each a human heart.

Each heart is told the poor to aid-Not told as thunder makes afraid-But by a small voice whisp'ring there; Find thou, for God, the sufferer's share!

Oh! prompting faint, to careless view, Far work that angels well might do! But wisely thus is taught below Quick pity for another's wo.

The world is stored-enough for all. Is scattered wide, 'twixt but and hall; And those who feast, or friendless roam, Alike from God receive a home.

Each houseless one demand of thee Can aught thou hast the poor man's be? And pity breathes response divine: Take what I have from God that's lhine!

For child, for woman's fragi e form, More harsh the cold; more wild the storm; But most they biess a shelt'ring door Whom dark temptations urge no more!

A Home for these, O God, to-day, For blessing at thy feet we lay! And may its shelter, humbly given, Be but a far off door to Heaven.

## PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

The aspect of our subject suggests to us the importance of preparation, While it proclaims the melancholy truth, that death has passed upon all men, it reveals to us the pleasing intelligence, that if any man believe in Christ, though he were dead, yet shall he live. To submit to an inevitable evil, will find an apology in its necessity; but to perish, when by a single exertion, or a simple application of a remedy, we may live, betrays an unpardonable insensibility. The principle of death, with all its attendant evils, and the principle of eternal life, through Christ, with its elevated enjoyments; the fear of death, on one hand, to alarm, and the love of eternal life on the other, to persuade, are but different modes employed to accomplish the same object. There is a spirit of love in both, and to resist their merciful intentions, is to incur the highest censure. The loss of an object is not to be estimated by itself, but by the adverse evils which that loss inflicts. The loss of eternal life excludes the soul, not only from its pleasures, but consigns it to the most excruciating remorse.

Preparation for death is one of the plainest essons taught by revelation, and one which the providence of God has enforced more impressively than any other. For nothing else has there ever been such an august and imposing array of motives to bear upon the consideration of man. It seems as if the wisdom of God had exhausted itself in striving to accomplish this end. And when we look for a cor responding offort on the part of man, alas! there is a marked, a painful negligence, aggra vated by a preparation for every thing else. The death of a friend may excite a momentary fear, lest we may fall the next; but we soon recover our confidence, and float as carelessly upon the stream of life, as though there were no dangers to surprise us.

Every day you live, not only brings you nearer the grave, but lessens your ability for preparation. That which you seek with so much fondness at the expense of your spiritual good, will cover you hereafter with shame and dishonor. The experience of the world should teach you the vanity of all earthly advantages. The attainment of the highest distinction is no security against the evils of life, and nothing will be of any permanent advantage to you, that is disconnected with your duty to man, and your duty to God. The secret of human happiness consists not in wealth; not in human honor; not in sensual pleasure; but in a sanctified affection. This, and only this, can arm you for that painful crisis, which will occur in the history of every man. Had we nothing by which to determine what sphere of life God intended us to move in, but our capacities for enjoyment, we would select heaven as the proper element of our being.

It is an unpardonable disregard of our interest to prosecute these objects that degrades such capacities. The costly expenditures of divine grace never would have been made, were our mportance like that of the brute that perisheth. Rise, then, to the station which Gol designs you to fill. There is a real and a solid dignity in such a station. It liberates you from the servitude of sin. It elevates you above the ignoble tear of death. It unites you to God, by a relation the most pleasing. It clothes you with honor, glory, and immortality. Rise! my perishing fellow creatures, rise! The hour of death is at hand! The day of grace is ebbing to its finish! The grave is almost open to receive you! Your friends are almost gathering around your remains to pay you the last testimony of respect! Your funeral requiem is almost ready to be sung! The bell is almost tolling your funeral knell! Another month, another day, another hour, and all may be a reality! "Time is short! ask deathbeds, and they will tell you."-Suare's Sermons.

FIRMNESS .- Man should be firm - woman should be firm-all our decisions and doings should show firmness and reason. What can we effect by a trifling vibrating course? Does any one know of a man who became rich or happy on account of there being no dependence to be put in him? We presume not .-Firmness of character carries a man through the world easily and makes him respected by all, gains for him a good name and sheds around him innumerable blessings. Without it he is despised by his friends, led into a thousand snares by his enemies, entired from virtue by those we least expect, and finally may often misjudges our motives-to seek in some commit crimes for want of firmness to resist al lurements of vice.

Firmness of character stamps the image of raises him above temptation from the path of virtue, above all pretty feelings of the heart .-It is the main composition of a General-the necessary accomplishment of a Priest—the pouring a healing halm into our wounded hearts making of a Judge-and finally the security of men and pretty women.

WHEAT CROP IN SOUTH CAROLINA .- It is a gratifying fact that the planters in the middle country of South Carolina have this winter so wn fully twice as much Wheat as has ever for merly been put in in one season heretofo.e. We learn that in Fairfield, a District which has never grown a large amount of this grain, extensive fields have been seeded—one planter having sown three hundred acres. Others, diverting their labor from the cotton culture to grading Railroads, have sown their su plus lands in small grains. Greater pains have been bestowed on the preparation of the soil than usual, and the crop, from this cause, as well as from the mildness of the weather, is very promising everywhere. The verdant fields promise an abundance to the industrious, which should make our citizens happy and contented, even in "Old South Carolina."-Columbia South Carolinian.

#### THOROUGH TILLAGE. All will agree that the basis of improvement

lies in a more thorough tillage. Now one great hindrance to this, is the strong and aniversal tendency among farmers to own and celtivate too much land. I am well aware that I tread on disputed ground, and that there are hose among us whose opinions, we are ready, and with good reason, to esteem almost as the cles, who, 'have no sympathy with this small farm theory.' But with due deference to their opinions may 1 not start, with this fact, that the case so commonly occurs to make it a general rule, that our very large farms are very poorly cultivated? To the point which I have in view, is the apologue of the vine-dresser, who had two daughters and a vineyard. When his oldest daughter was married, he gave her a third part of his vineyard as a marriage portion, not-withstanding which, he had the same quantity of fruit as hefore. When his youngest daugh-ter was married, he gave her half of what re-mamed, still the produce of his vineyard was not undiminished. The secret was simply this, that the more thorough tillage which lie was enabled to give to the remaining third part, tripled his produce, while at the same time is reduced the cost of cultivation. Now he that cultivates the most land, or produces the greatest crop, is not the best farmer, but he that can de t with the least expense. In Massachusetts the high price of labor is an insuperable objection to large farms. As it is, mea must not only not be able but must work at all times, and under all circumstances work to the best advantage, or the proceeds of their labor will not pay their wages. Upon large farms, in ous and long lines of fence are to be kept in repair, taxes to be looked after, well cannot he economically done, because much of it is at a distance, and a large number of laborers must of necessity be employed, who to use an old adage, if they are not very carefully looked after will be likely to drink out of the broad end of the tunnel, and hold the little one to their employer. I must not be understood to say that no man can profitably manage a large farm here. All rules have their exceptions. But I do say, that there are very few Bonapartes in agriculture, and that the great body of us are fit only to serve in the ranks.

It is doubtful indeed, it these large farms are he most profitable any where; for in countries where the cost of labor is almost nominal small farms are said to produce the largest income. Stretching along at the foot of the Alpa, those ever memorable mountains, whose long summits, white with eternal snows, reach far above the clouds, the birth place of the glacier and the avalanche-is that province of Italy, which has been often called the garden of Europe .-Its inhabitants are farmers, and very few farms contain more than 75 acres, yet the best authority asserts that those small farms bring more to the market than the large ones, and that there is no country in the world, which can dispose of so large a proportion of its produc-tion as Piedmont. True, the soil is rich, deep if you please, alluvial. The climate is moist, and the situation af the land makes it susceptible of being easily submitted to irigation. After all, the main spring of this abundant fertility s thorough tillage which consists on small farms .- Payson's Address before the Essex Agricultural Society.

SOMETHING NEW .- The Cincinnati Commercial says that Messrs. Koble & Miller have in establishment in that city, "whose whole business, employing some \$10,000 worth of capital, is preparing sausage skins for the Enopean markets; they attend all the slaughter houses, obtain the in'ards of all the hoge, pre-pare, and then ship them across the Atlantic, realizing a large profit in the transaction. We were never more astonished than in learning that such a branch of trade was carried on in our city. The people of Europe receive these ausage skins, ready for use, as imported from Cincinnati. But this is not all. Western Avenue has another establishment, not a whit less singular! It is the es ablishment of a litle German, whose name we did not learn, whose entire business is cleaning hogs bladers. and making them fit for holding lard to ship to the English market. We learn that he was in a fair way to get rich, sending off per annum over 150,000 bladders!

MAD Docs .- The appearance of a dog son onsed to be rabid, has occasioned consider larm in this community. It is said he pessed through this place, bit a promising boy at Lincoln Factory, and afterwards, passing south ward, attacked Dr. Ashury and some other persons, before he was killed. The Doctor immediately removed the slight wound of the dog, hy cutting out a considerable portion of flesh. The other cases were treated in a similar manner. some hours after the bite.

Many dogs have, doubtless, been bitten by his animal, and, therefore, every caution about se observed. No dog that could have come in contact with the rabid one, should be permitted to run at large. To us, an attack of hydrophocan overtake humanity .- N. C. Republican.

SYMPATHY .- It is sweet to turn from the chilling and heartless world-the world that so sympathizing heart for consplation-to find congenial souls that can feel our sorrows, can share our joys; can understand and appraciate man with something more than animal. It the feelings which actuate us. In sorrow, how consoling is the blessed voice of sympathy. In our greatest trials it lightens our burdens making smoother our pathway before us, and and our lesser afflictions are forgotten in its